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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Letters from the North of Italy, addressed to Henry Hallam, Esq. London 1819. 8vo. 2 vols.

These volumes proceed from the pen of Mr. William Stewart Rose, already known to the literary world by his works of poesy and ancient Romance. Their design is to afford a view of the administration, climate, manners, language, and literature, of the country where they were written; and under these five divisions we have a due proportion of censure upon the Austrian government,—some good remarks on the *malaria*, its causes, treatment, and effects,—entertaining sketches of popular customs, &c.—a philological treatise on the Italian and Venetian tongues,—and many notices of the learning and learned men, improvisatori, drama, and arts, of Italy.

To say the worst that we have to say of this publication at first, we begin by remarking that it is written in a facetious style, in which, mistaking the pert for the lively, the author is often unfortunately flippant and even coarse in his observations, and addicted to a sort of slang dandy-jargon in his language. Like a brother Italian tourist, Mr. Hobhouse, he has shewn that political partialities are not inherited, and presents us with the perverse spectacle of a son of the Right Honourable George Rose in the ranks of the anti-legitimists, and an admirer of Buonaparte! "in the foolish love of whatever was connected with" whom, he goes out of his road to visit Parma. (p. 223, vol. 2.)

Being, it appears, sickly, Mr. Rose was not in a humour to be much pleased with what he met on entering Italy, and his assumption of vivacity is the less successful. Mantua is to him quite barren, the whole population wretched, the quantity of mendicity horrible, the police intolerable, and the entire system "out of joint." The merchants and bankers are, without exception, dishonest and mean; justice corrupted; all useful establishments decaying; and all bad customs unchecked. Such is his moral and physical picture of the north of Italy; and it is only when we descend into the details, that we can find any thing agreeable to quote respecting that forlorn region. We are then indeed surprised and amused, for we find the peasants jocu-

lar; the lower orders singing, playing, and disporting; the middle ranks feasting and serenading; and the upper circles devoted to pleasures. There is this extraordinary difference between Mr. Rose's general views, and his minute particulars. The former are all gloom, and the latter nearly all frolic; the former all political misery, the latter all popular song and dance. Certainly, for so unhappy a race as these Italians are, they have more frisk about them than is common to the inhabitants of less clement skies. We know not what to attribute it to, unless, perhaps, to the pretty general introduction of the culture of potatoes within the last two years (they were only partially raised before:) for we know that these roots are the most abundant article of consumption in a sister country, where native wit and vivacity upholds a people against much of distress, and, arguing from analogy, may suppose that the Irish potatoe will produce similar effects in Italy. But we must not dwell on conjectures; our readers will thank us for rather bringing them at once acquainted with Mr. Rose's Letters than our opinion. *Allons!*

The author recommends travelling with the Voiturier, in preference to posting; the accommodations on the road being not only much cheaper, but much better. He assures us that the breed of the celebrated dogs of St. Bernard is not extinct, as was given out in England some time ago; the elders of the family, it is true, fell a sacrifice to their humanity, and were buried with several unfortunate travellers under an avalanche, but three or four hopeful puppies were left at home in the convent, and survive to continue the legitimate dynasty—*Esto perpetua!* The same prayer might well be uttered even by protestant lips for the good monks of St. Bernard, whose kindness and hospitality are so gratefully remembered by all travellers.* The following anecdote illustrates their character:

An enterprising English party, consisting of men and women, took shelter in the convent during a fall of snow. The monks fed them and their horses as long as they could, giving up their bread to the beasts, when they had no more crude grain to bestow on them. The guests had then there-

fore no choice but to decamp. But how to get the horses over the snow, which was yet too soft to support them? The ingenuity and activity of the monks found an expedient. They turned out with their servants, and placing blankets before the animals, which were carried forwards, and extended afresh, as soon as passed over, conducted men, women, and beasts, in safety over their mountain.

We now enter Italy, and stop at Aronna. The inhabitants of this part are of

The class of Italians who wander about the world with prints and barometers. These are considered in England as Jews, but are, in fact, generally speaking, natives of the banks of the lakes of Lombardy. All follow the same trade, and (what is singular) the natives of the same village usually follow the same beat; so that, in various Italian hamlets situated near the lakes, may be found the customs of England, Spain, or America. One ruling passion, however, the love of gain, distinguishes them all.

Mr. Rose travelled through the *Bochetta* to Genoa, which, for grandeur, he ranks after Constantinople and Naples. From Genoa, after a few days stay, he journeyed by Stradella, Tortona, Cremona, &c. to Mantua, and thence, with very slight observation, to Verona, a picturesque and pleasing city, having no fewer than *thirty-five species of marble* in the quarries situated in its neighbourhood. Eulogizing this place and its fine works on the Adige, the author takes occasion very justly to complain of the many opportunities lost for constructing quays on our own noble Thames, at London, but says, we think rather harshly,

On all such points, save in the single article of Bridge-architecture, we have been, are, and ever shall be Hottentots.

Setting aside the grand apology for our constructions on the river, viz. the immense traffic which prevents the refinements of vistas, walks, &c. on its banks, we must hold that it is a stretch of denunciation, even in a traveller who has obtained a new Taste in Italy, to predict that the British are to continue to be Hottentots for ever. The same talent which erects admirable bridges, would execute all other architectural works admirably, were it not restrained by circumstances rather than bounded by essential and abstract disqualifications.

From Verona we move to Padua, of which our author writes,

It must be confessed that Padua, as well

* We see it stated in a Parisian Journal of last week, that the number of meals which they furnished to travellers in the year 1818, amounted to no fewer than 31,078!!—Ed.

as Venice, contains better defences against fleas, the worst plague of Italy, than other towns—these are stucco floors, called here *terrazzi*. As these pavements are pretty and cheap (for they cost less than brick floors,) I shall give you some account of the mode of their construction. Having formed a substratum of some binding substance, the stucco is laid over. On this, while still wet, are sown small pieces of marble, composed of the sweepings of sculptors' shops, which are rammed down, and the whole pumiced. The ground is then tinged, with due regard to the tints of the marble, which is sown on it, either with a view to gradation or contrast of colour. This done, and the floor well polished, the whole presents the appearance of a beautiful variegated marble. If it is wished to give it additional grace, nothing is more easy than to surround this species of carpet with a border, or to place some ornament in the centre; or to arrange the whole, in a regular pattern, as it only requires a little more precision in bestowing the same material. The *terrazzi*, thus composed, if used with common care, will last above half a century. The first establishment of a manufacture of this kind would undoubtedly be attended with some cost; but, as many beautiful British marbles are now worked in London, which appear to be the most costly part of the materials employed, these might be had at as little comparative expense as in Italy.

This hint is worth attending to.—Venetian tarrass-layers have been invited to Russia: perhaps in England we could do with our own workmen, as the principle is the same as that upon which our own malt-floors are laid with chalk, and in Scotland kitchen-floors, &c. with a mixture of chalk, lime, and the common debris of the free-stone quarries.

The immediate object of Mr. Rose's journey was Abano, where his health sought restoration from the singular baths of that place. Here he arrived in August 1817, and as there is much curious matter in the information respecting it, we shall pursue our extracts. Of Abano, then, we learn that besides its geological peculiarities,

It is celebrated for its muds, which are taken out of its hot basins, and applied either generally or partially, as the case of the patient may demand. These are thrown by, after having been used, and, at the conclusion of the season, returned to the hot fountains, where they are left till the ensuing spring, that they may impregnate themselves anew with the mineral virtues which these are supposed to contain. The most obvious of these, to an ignorant man, are salt and sulphur. The muds are, on being taken out, intensely hot, and must be kneaded and stirred some time before they can be borne. When applied, an operation which very much resembles the taking a stucco cast, they retain their heat

without much sensible diminution for three-quarters of an hour, having the effect of a slight *rubefacient* on the affected part, and producing a profuse perspiration from the whole body; a disposition which continues more particularly in the part to which they have been applied, when unchecked by cold.

The baths, though sometimes considered as a remedy in themselves, are most generally held to be mere auxiliaries to the muds, and usually but serve as a prologue and interlude to the dirty performance which forms the subject of the preceding paragraph, they being supposed to open the pores, and dispose the skin to greater susceptibility.

These powerful applications are generally used to the end of August, and several wonderful cures performed by them are authenticated by Mr. Rose. The climate of Abano is, nevertheless, damp, heavy, and oppressive; and it is otherwise so dull as to form quite a contrast to English watering-places.—The Lottery is, however, one of its amusements, or rather excitements, and in this business we find the Italians are as prophetic dreamers, and still more general and skillful prognosticators than we are ourselves. The Lottery in Italy, as in France, is determined by the coming up of certain numbers on the same ticket, which if they accord to the extent of 2, 3, or 4, with those the adventurer has previously chosen, the prize is less or more valuable.

The choice of figures on which to play naturally enough gives rise to a variety of superstitions, and there are books published which shew the relation of every occurrence, whether in vision or in every-day-life, to numbers in the lottery. Thus, for example, I meet in my morning's walk a mangy dog, a man in a pea-green coat with a cocked hat, or a woman with a rouged face under a beaver one: I return home and consult my books, and find that the mangy dog is 12, the pea-green man 16, and the rouged face under a white hat 30. But I should have said that every odd circumstance whatever has a double signification. Thus if I dream that my dog bites me, I recur to my books for an explanation of what this is significant; and here I find, perhaps, that in my dog's biting me is prefigured an injury to be received from a friend, and that the same thing is connected, by some mysterious link, with No. 62. But as the magic volume cannot of course supply a provision for every possible case, I must, if abandoned by my spells, find a resource in the powers of my own ingenuity. Let us put a case: I see a human figure on one of the highest pinnacles of the Alps. I seek an explanation in my conjuring book in vain. How then am I to read the emblem? I see a man who has reached as high as human daring and address can carry him, what can this signify but that I am to mount

as high as is possible in the lottery scale? The case is clear, and I play 90. [The highest No.]

We had intended to dismiss this Tour in one week's review, but so many interesting notices remain, that we must postpone the conclusion till our next. We shall then compress into small compass a considerable fund of entertainment, while we at the same time shew, that though Mr. Rose has written in a "slangish style of expression," not consistent with our ideas of an English gentleman and scholar, he has, notwithstanding, produced a highly amusing publication, and added a portion to our stock of light reading which is calculated to have, in an eminent degree, its day of popularity.

The Poetical Remains of the late John Leyden, with Memoirs of his Life. By the Rev. James Morton. London 1819. 8vo. pp. 415.

Though we cannot enter upon this work at present, we do not like to let a single Number of the *Literary Gazette* appear after its publication, without announcing how acceptable a service Mr. Morton has done to literature. Not only will the lovers of Leyden in his native Scotland, but the admirers of genius all over the empire, enjoy a high treat in this most interesting volume. The biography, occupying about one fifth of it, is written in a style of great simplicity, and records the not uncommon advance of a Scotsman of humble origin, through the paths of education, industry, and talent, to consideration and honour. John Leyden was born on the 8th of September, 1775, at Denholm, in the parish of Cavers and county of Roxburgh. His forefathers for many generations had been small farmers on the estates of the ancient family of Douglas of Cavers. When quite a child his parents removed to the house of his mother's uncle, Mr. Andrew Blythe, of Nether Tofts, a wild and pastoral situation near the foot of the hill called Ruberslaw. Taught by his grandmother to read, at the age of nine years he was sent to the parish school, (that is, the school established in every parish of Scotland, and not for the eleemosynary education of paupers,) of Kirktown, and was taught writing, arithmetic, and the rules of Latin grammar. His early taste for poetry and literature was nourished by falling in with Sir David Lindsay's works, *Paradise Lost*, and Chapman's *Homer*; and these, with the inspired writings, were food enough to feed the appetite of the youthful bard and scholar.

Latin and Greek were cheaply acquired in a country where the blessing of instruction is almost within the reach of all. In 1790 he entered the University of Edinburgh, and thenceforward pursued his studies with the utmost assiduity, supporting the expense of his own learning by teaching others. Divinity, and ultimately physic, were the principal objects of his researches, and it was in the latter profession that, after a period of literary labour, (into which we do not now enter,) his friends procured him an appointment in India, where he died, on the expedition to Java, the 28th of August 1811, a martyr to his thirst for knowledge, as he caught his death by entering an infected room in search of Javanese curiosities. In Edinburgh, in London, and in the East, the genius of Leyden procured him many friends, both in the circles of the learned and of the great. The family of Cavers were his earliest protectors, and, in his future years, Walter Scott, William Erskine, Dr. Murray, Mr. Heber, Sir John Malcolm, and Lord Minto, are distinguished in the catalogue of those by whom he was prized.

As this is but an apology for a review, we shall conclude with one short poem from the pleasing collection (including the *Scenes of Infancy*), which Mr. Morton has given to the public.

THE ARAB WARRIOR.

[From the Arabic.]

O'er yawning rocks abrupt that scowl
Terrific o'er the ostrich grey,
Where fairies dream and demons howl,
I fearless hold my midnight way.

Though pitchy black around expand
The caverned darkness of the tomb,
I fearless stretch my groping hand,
That seems to feel the thickening gloom.

I pass, and on their desert bed
Forsake my weary slumbering band,
That languid drop the drowsy head,
Like berries nodding o'er the sand!

I plunge in darkness overjoy'd,
That seems a circumambient sea,
Though dreary gape the lonely void,
And awful to each man but me.

Where guides are lost, where shrieks the owl
Her disge, where men in wild affright
Fly the hyena's famish'd howl,
I plunge amid the shades of night.

Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress. With a Preface, Notes, and Appendix. By One of the Fancy. London 1819. 12mo. pp. 109.

This 'One of the Fancy,' is certainly one of considerable fancy and humour. We can have little hesitation in ascribing the work to Mr. T. Moore, though some

slight mystifying is used to divert the conviction from that gentleman; and setting apart that we think such talents as his ill-employed on such subjects as this, it is but just to say that, viewed as a *jeu d'esprit*, there is a great deal of whim, bitter political satire, and witty application or misapplication of classical reading in the performance. To mention that every topic that can be sore to the party against which the writer is hostile, all that can be personally offensive to its chief leaders, and much that one would rather laugh at than produce, are to be found in every page, is, perhaps, but paying the compliment most agreeable to the poet's enmities. In these not participating, and, though far from desiring to banish ridicule and railery from the straggle of parties in this free country, being rather Toryishly inclined to the opinion, that some trifling respect is due to Kings and Rulers, (we do not back ourselves by the divine commandment,) we presume we shall best consult the curiosity of our readers, by keeping our sentiments for the present to ourselves, and presenting them with copious extracts from this clever, if mischievous, and laughable, even if injurious, volume.

The Preface, of 31 pages, which we find rather long, is, however, an amusing account of ancient Bruising, in which a good deal of the knowledge of Greek and Roman writers is brought to bear upon the modern state of pugilism. We shall not enter upon this parallel, though full of erudition and ludicrous illustration from twenty classics of antiquity, including *Lycophron*, whose very name smacks of pugilism; but advance at once to mettle more attractive, the poetical compositions which, under various titles, court our attention.

Tom Crib's Memorial is the first, suggested, no doubt, by the circumstance of several of our Boxers having gone to exhibit their art at Aix-la-Chapelle. It thus begins,
Most Holy, and High, and Legitimate squad,
First Swells of the world, since Boney's in quod,
Who have ev'ry thing now, as Bill Gibbons would say,

"Like the bull in the china shop, all your own way"—

Whatsoever employs your magnificent nobs,
Whether diddling your subjects, and gutting their fobs,—

(While you hum the poor spoonies with speeches so pretty,
'Bout Freedom, and Order, and—all my eye, Betty)

Whether praying, or dressing, or dancing the hays,
Or lepping your congo at Lord C-STL-R-GH's,—

(While his Lordship, as usual, that very great dab
At the flowers of rhet'ric, is flashing his gab)

Or holding State Dinners, to talk of the weather,
And cut up your mutton and Europe together!
Whatever your gammon, whatever your talk,
Oh deign, ye illustrious Cocks of the Walk,
To attend for a moment, and if the Fine Arts
Of fibbing and boring be dear to your hearts;
If to level, to punish, to ruffian mankind,
And to darken their daylights, be pleasures refin'd
(As they must be) for every Legitimate mind,—
Oh listen to one, who, both able and willing
To spread through creation the mysteries of

milking,

(And, as to whose politics, search the world round,

Not a sturdier *Pit-tite* e'er liv'd—under ground)
Has thought of a plan, which—excuse his presumption—

He hereby submits to your Royal ratification.

It being now settled that emperors and kings,
Like kites made of foolscap, are high-flying things,

To whose tails a few millions of subjects, or so,
Have been tied in a string, to be whisk'd to and fro,

Just wherever it suits the said foolscap to go—
This being all settled, and Freedom all gammon,
And nought but your Honours worth wasting a d—n on:

While snug and secure you may now run your rigs,

Without fear that old Boney will bother your gigs—

As your Honours, too, bless you! though all of a trade,

Yet agreeing like new ones, have lately been made
Special constables o'er us, for keeping the peace,—
Let us hope now that wars and rambustions will cease;

That soldiers and guns, like "the Dev'l and his works,"

Will henceforward be left to Jews, Niggers, and Turks,

Till Brown Bess shall soon, like Miss Tabitha Fusty,

For want of a spark to go off with, grow rusty,
And lobsters will lie such a drug upon hand,
That our do-nothing Captains must all get ja-pan'd!

My eyes, how delightful!—the rabble well gag'd,
The Swells in high feather, and old Boney lag'd!

But, though we must hope for such good times as these,
Yet as something may happen to kick up a breeze—

Some quarrel, reserv'd for your own private pick-inq—

Some grudge, even now in your great gizzards sticking—

(God knows about what—about money, mayhap,
Or the Papists, or Dutch, or that Kid, Master Nap.)

And, setting in case there should come such a rumpus,

As some mode of settling the chat we must compass,

With which the tag-rag will have nothing to do—
What think you, great Swells, of a ROYAL SET-TO?

A Ring and fair fist-work at Aix-la Chapelle,
Or at old Moulsey-Hurst, if you likes it as well—
And that all may be fair as to wind, weight, and science,

I'll answer to train the whole HOLY ALLIANCE!

Upon this principle, of substituting milling for wars, Mr. Crib proceeds to describe an imaginary set-to at Moulsey Hurst, between "Long Sandy and Georgy the Porpus," to decide the ba-

lance of power. It consists of twelve rounds, and the victory is given to the former. The account of the concourse of spectators possesses as much point and pun as any part of the poem: we therefore select it.

This being the first true Legitimate Match
Since Tom took to training these Swells for the
scratch,

Every lover of life, that had rhino to spare,
From sly little Moses to B—R—G, was there.
Never since the renown'd days of BROUGHTON
and FIGG

Was the Fanciful World in such very prime
twig—

And long before daylight, giggs, rattlers, and
prads,

Were in motion for Moulsey, brimful of the
Lads.

Jack ELD—N, Old SID, and some more, had
come down

On the evening before, and put up at The
Crown—

Their old favourite sign, where themselves and
their brothers

Get grub at cheap rate, though it fleeces all others;
Nor matters it how we, plebeians, condemn,
As the The Crown's always sure of its license
from them.

'Twas diverting to see, as one ogled around,
How Corinthians and Commoners mixed on the
ground.

Here M—NTR—SE and an Israelite met face to
face,

The Duke, a place-hunter, the Jew, from Duke's
Place;

While Nicky V—NS—T, not caring to roam,
Got among the white-bug-men, and felt quite at
home.

Here stood in a corner, well screen'd from the
weather,

Old SID and the great Doctor EADY together,
Both fam'd on the walls—with a d—n, in addition,

Prefix'd to the name of the former Physician.

Here C—MD—N, who never till now was suspected

Of Fancy, or aught that is therewith connected,
Got close to a dealer in donkeys, who eyed him,
Jack Scroggins remark'd, "just as if he'd have
buy'd him;"

While poor Bogy B—CK—GH—M well might
look pale,

As there stood a great Rat-catcher close to his
tail!

'Mong the vehicles, too, which were many and
various,

From natty barouche down to buggy precarious,
We twigg'd more than one queerish sort of turn-
out—

C—NN—a came in a job, and then canter'd about
On a showy, but hot and unsound, bit of blood,

(For a lender once meant, but cast off, as no good)
Looking round, to secure a snug place if he
could:—

While ELD—N, long doubting between a grey nag
And a white one to mount, took his stand in a
drag.

The ring is beat out; the combatants
enter with their seconds, Pottso and Pat
C—stl—r—gh; and slang and flash are be-
rhymed to in a description of the twelve
rounds. Except being in verse, these very
nearly resemble some of the accounts of
boxing matches which have appeared in

the newspapers, if we are not mistaken,
from the pen of Mr. A. Franklin, well
known for several witty dramatic pieces.
We do not allude to the later indifferent
imitations of these mock-heroics, but to
one or two of the originals, which were
in the true style of burlesque. We copy
a couple of rounds as a specimen.

FOURTH ROUND. GEORGY's backers look'd blank
at the lad,

When they saw what a rum knack of shifting he
had—

An old trick of his youth—but the Bear, up to slum,
Follow'd close on my gentleman, kneading his
crum

As expertly as any Dead Man about town,
All the way to the ropes—where, as GEORGY
went down,

SANDY tipp'd him a dose of that kind, that, when
taken,

It is n't the stuff, but the patient that's shaken.

FIFTH ROUND. GEORGY tried for his customer's
head—

(The part of LONG SANDY, that's softest, 'tis said;
And the chat is that NAP, when he had him in
tow,

Found his knowledge-how always the first thing
to go)—

Neat milling this Round—what with clouts on the
nub,

Home hits in the bread-basket, clicks in the gob,
And plumps in the daylight, a prettier treat

Between two Johnny-Raws 'tis not easy to meet.

So-so as these lines may seem, they
are about the best of this portion of the
memorial, which is indeed rather re-
markable for the offence of its intention,
than for the felicity of its execution. It
displays too much real resentment and
ill-will to possess much genuine jest and
wit.

On the triumph declaring for "Sandy,"
the fiddlers play in his honour "Green
Grow the Rushes," a compliment said
to be really paid to the Emperor of all
the Russias, by some Irish musicians;
and thus does Mr. Crib conclude the
offer of his services and ideas on right
government.

As to training, a Court's but a rum sort of station
To choose for that sober and chaste operation;
For, as old IKEY PIC said of Courts, "by de
heavens,

Dey're all, but the Fives Court, at sixes and
sevens."

What with snoozing, high grubbing, and guzzling
like Chloc,

Your Majesties, pardon me, all get so doughy,
That take the whole kit, down from SANDY the
Bear

To him who makes duds for the Virgin to wear,
I'd choose but JACK SCROGGINS, and feel dis-
appointed

If JACK didn't tell out the whole Lord's Anointed!

But, barring these nat'ral defects, (which, I feel,
My remarking on thus may be thought ungentle)

And allowing for delicate fams, which have merely
been handling the sceptre, and that, too, but
queerly,

I'm not without hopes, and would stand a tight
bet,

That I'll make something game of your Ma-
jesties yet.

So, say but the word—if you're up to the freak,
Let us have a prime match of it, Greek against

Greek,
And I'll put you on beef-steaks and sweating next
week—

While, for teaching you every perfection, that
throws a

Renown upon milling—the tact of MENDOZA—
The charm, by which HUMPHRIES contriv'd to
infuse

The three Graces themselves into all his One-
Two's—

The nobbers of JOHNSON—BIG BEN's banging
brain-blows—

The weaving of SAM, that turn'd faces to rain-
bows—

Old CORCORAN's click, that laid customers flat—
PADDY RYAN from Dublin's renown'd "coup de
Pat;"

And MY OWN improv'd method of tickling a rib,
You may always command

Your devoted

TOM CRIB.

The Appendix contains the neatest
pieces of humour. It consists of the
Report of the Grand Pugilistic Meeting
at Belcher's, to take into consideration
the propriety of sending Representatives
of the Fancy to Congress. Mr. Crib is
in the chair, and—

The devil a man
Will leave his can,

Till he hears the Mighty Tom.

This is altogether a whimsical per-
formance, as a few passages will show:

Brave TOM, the CHAMPION, with an air
Almost Corinthian, took the Chair;
And kept the Coves in quiet tune,

By shewing such a fist of mutton
As, on a Point of Order, soon

Would take the shine from Speaker SUTTON.
And all the lads look'd gay and bright,
And gin and gentus flash'd about,

And whosoe'er grew unpolite,
The well-bred CHAMPION serv'd him out.

He makes a speech, inviting some
one to undertake the Embassy, and thus
finishes:—

"What say you, lads? is any spark
Among you ready for a lark

"To this same Congress?—CALEB, JOE,
"BILL, BOB, what say you?—yes, or no?"

Thus spoke the CHAMPION, Prime of men,
And loud and long we cheer'd his prattle
With shouts, that thunder'd through the ken,
And made Tom's Sunday tea-things rattle!

A pause ensued—till cries of "GREGSON"
Brought BOB, the Poet, on his legs soon—

Gregson of course, Turner, Joe Ward,
Richmond, and others speechify. Turner
offers to go, as "tipping Settlers is
his forte," and therefore he may be of
use in settling Europe; and Ward is
only afraid if too many of the "Big
ones go, they might alarm the Continent."

In this Worthy's cabinet of Portraits of
the Fancy, is one of Bill Gibbons, by a
pupil of the great Fuseli, on which is
this Impromptu:

Though you are one of Fuseli's scholars,
This question I'll dare to propose,—
How the devil could you use water-colours,
In painting BILL GIBBON'S nose?

Richmond's reflection from a pint of gin, is compared to that of a large collier on the Thames, and the matter closes with—

BILL GIBBONS, rising, wish'd to know
Whether 'twas meant his Bull should go—
"As should their Majesties be dull,"
Says ELL, "there's nothing like a Bull:
"And blow me tight,"—(BILL GIBBONS ne'er
In all his days was known to swear,
Except light oaths, to grace his speeches,
Like "Lash my wig," or "Burn my breeches!")
"Blow we—"
—Just then, the Chair,* already
Grown rather lively with the Deady,

To this succeeds a parody on part of the *Æneid*, of no particular merit; nor are some lines to Lord C—reagh and Lord St-w-r-t of superior rank. In these the bard makes a poor or old joke go a great way. The following are infinitely better.

LINES

TO MISS GRACE MADDOX, THE FAIR FUGILIST,
Written in imitation of the style of Moore,
BY BOB GREGSON, P. P.

SWEET Maid of the Fancy!—whose ogle, adorning
That beautiful cheek, ever budding like bowers,
Are bright as the gems that the first Jew † of
morning
Hawks round Covent Garden, 'mid cart-loads
of flowers!

Oh Grace of the Graces! whose kiss to my lip
Is as sweet as the brandy and tea, rather thinnish,
That *Knights of the Rump* so rurally sip,
At the first blush of dawn, in the Tap of the
Finish!

Ah, never be false to me, fair as thou art,
Nor belie all the many kind things thou hast
said;
The falsehood of other nymphs touches the Heart,
But thy fibbing, my dear, plays the dev'l with the
Head!

Yet, who would not prize, beyond honours and
pelf,
A maid to whom Beauty such treasures has
granted,
That, ah, she not only has black eyes, herself,
But can furnish a friend with a pair, too, if
wanted!

Lord St—w—rt's a hero (as many suppose)
And the Lady he woos is a rich and a rare one;
His heart is in *Chancery*, every one knows,
And so would his head be, if thou wert his fair
one.

Sweet Maid of the Fancy! when love first came
o'er me,
I felt rather queerish, I freely confess;
But now I've thy beauties each moment before me,
The pleasure grows more, and the queerish-
ness less.

* From the respect which I bear to all sorts of
dignitaries, and my unwillingness to meddle with
the "imputed weaknesses of the great," I have
been induced to suppress the remainder of this
detail.

† By the trifling alteration of "dew" into
"Jew," Mr. Gregson has contrived to collect the
three chief ingredients of Moore's poetry, viz.
dews, gems, and flowers, into the short compass
of these two lines.

Thus a new set of *darbies*, when first they are
worn,
Makes the *Jail-bird** uneasy, though splendid
their ray;
But the links will lie lighter the longer they're
borne,
And the comfort increase, as the shine fades
away!

YA-HIP, MY HEARTIES!

Sung by JACK HOLMES, the Coachman, at a late
masquerade in St. Giles's, in the character of
LORD C—ST—R—GH.

I first was hir'd to peg a Hack
They call "The Erin," sometime back,
Where soon I learn'd to patter flash,
To curb the tits and tip the lash—
Which pleas'd the Master of the CROWN
So much, he had me up to town,
And gave me lots of quids a year,
To tool "The Constitution" here.
So, ya-hip, Hearties! here am I
That drive the Constitution Fly.

Some wonder how the Fly holds out,
So rotten 'tis, within, without;
So loaded, too, through thick and thin,
And with such heavy crecturs in.
But, Lord, 'twill last our time—or if
The wheels should, now and then, get stiff,
Oil of Palm's the thing that, flowing,
Sets the naves and felloes going!
So, ya-hip, Hearties! &c.

Some wonder, too, the tits that pull
This rascal concern along, so full,
Should never back, or bolt, or kick
The load and driver to Old Nick.
But, never fear—the breed, though British,
Is now no longer game or skittish;
Except, sometimes, about their corn,
Tamer *Houghhums* † ne'er were born.
So, ya-hip, Hearties! &c.

And then so sociably we ride!—
While some have places, snug, inside,
Some, hoping to be there anon,
Through many a dirty road hang on.
And when we reach a filthy spot,
(Plenty of which there are, God wot)
You'd laugh to see with what an air
We take the spatter—each his share!
So, ya-hip, Hearties! &c.

The other song of Mr. Gregson, which I
have been lucky enough to lay hold of, was
sung by *Old Prosy*, the Jew, who went in
the character of Major C—RTW—GHT, and
who having been, at one time of his life,
apprentice to a mountebank doctor, was
able to enumerate, with much volubility,
the virtues of a certain infallible nostrum,
which he called his ANNUAL PILL. The
pronunciation of the Jew added considerably
to the effect.

* Prisoner.—This being the only bird in the
whole range of Ornithology, which the author of
Lalla Rookh has not pressed into his service, Mr.
Gregson may consider himself very lucky in being
able to lay hold of it.

† The extent of Mr. Gregson's learning will,
no doubt, astonish the reader; and it appears by
the following lines, from a Panegyric written
upon him, by One of the Fancy, that he is also a
considerable adept in the Latin language.

"As to sciences—Bon knows a little of all,
And, in Latin, to shew that he's no ignoramus,
He wrote once an Ode on his friend, *Major Paul*,
And the motto was *Paulo majora canamus*!"

THE ANNUAL PILL.

Sung by OLD PROSY, the Jew, in the Character of
Major C—RTW—HT.

VILL nobodies try my nice Annual Pill,
Dat's to purify every ting nashty away?
Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let ma say vat I
vill,
Not a Christian or Shentleman minds vat I
say!
'Tis so pretty a bolus!—just down let it go,
And, at vonce, such a radical shange you vill
see,
Dat I'd not be surprish'd, like de horse in de show,
If our heads all vere found, vere our tails
ought to be!
Vill nobodies try my nice Annual Pill, &c.

'Twill cure all Electors, and purge away clear
Dat mighty bad itching dey've got in deir
hands—
'Twill cure, too, all Statesmen, of dulness, ma
tear,
Though the case vas as desperate as poor Mister
VAN'S.

Dere is noting at all vat dis Pill vill not reach—
Give the Sinecure Ghentleman von little grain,
Pless ma heart, it vill act, like de salt on de leech,
And he'll throw de pounds, shillings, and pence,
up again!
Vill nobodies try my nice Annual Pill, &c.

'Twould be tedious, ma tear, all its peauties to
paint—

But, among oder tings fundamentally wrong,
It vill cure de Proud Potten—a common com-
plaint
Among M. P.'s and weavers—from sitting too
long.

Should symptoms of speeching preak out on a
dunce,
(Vat is often de case) it vill stop de disease,
And pring away all de long speeches at vonce,
Dat else would, like tape-worms, come by de-
grees!

Vill nobodies try my nice Annual Pill,
Dat's to purify every ting nashty away?
Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let ma say vat I
vill

Not a Christian or Shentleman minds vat I say!

The last of all, to close this eventful
history, is a forced attempt to compare
the case of Buonaparte and his enemies
with that of Gulliver and the Lilliputians,
which, like most comparisons, is
odious in itself, and very forced in its
application. The book would have been
at least more British, though no less
Party-coloured, without this unjust and
ungenerous little poem, which has no
wit for its apology, and no motive for
its personalities. That we are no nar-
row-minded enemies to even an excess
of political animosity, our copious ex-
tracts will prove; but we confess that
in our judgment it would disparage the
very worst faction, claiming an English
name or origin, to link its cause in any
way with the blackest wretch that ever
human nature shuddered at, whose only
recommendation seems to be his deep
hatred of this country. For the rest,
we leave it to the sense of the public,—
neither extenuating its errors nor depre-
ciating its merits.

Pinnock's Improved Edition of Goldsmith's History of England, for the use of Schools, &c. London 1819. 12mo. pp. 500.

There are few books which have so long maintained their station in our schools as the popular abridged histories of England, Greece, and Rome, by Oliver Goldsmith; and there are none perhaps which can be read by youth with greater advantage. The general simplicity of the author's style, and the familiar yet impressive language in which the most important points are narrated, are well calculated to interest the student, and rivet the historical facts on his memory. To the original editions of these works, however, objections have been frequently raised by preceptors, laudably zealous to preserve the purity of their pupils' morals, who conceived that sufficient care had not been taken to describe certain events in language sufficiently guarded for the eye and mind of youth. Others have regretted that so little insight was given into the manners and customs of the people; unquestionably one of the chief features of history, but which appeared to have been overlooked in the work of abridging, which so naturally seizes hold of prominent facts, and omits the more delicate, but not less useful shading between.

From an investigation of the volume before us (and its companions of Greece and Rome, under the same superintendence) we take upon ourselves to state, that the above objections have been fairly met and obviated. Great pains appear to have been bestowed in the revision of Goldsmith. The challengeable passages have been entirely expunged, or so corrected as to merit praise instead of censure; and we may congratulate the rising generation on being thus enabled to pursue an indispensable branch of study without the slightest peril of contamination. No improper sentence remains: no event of consequence is sacrificed.

Observations on the essential value of history as a part of education, could be but trite and supererogatory; and we shall therefore merely mention a few of the recommendations which in our judgment belong to these, Pinnock's, editions. The system on which they are produced is distinguished by its explaining every difficult word and passage in a manner easily comprehensible by the scholar, by a careful accentuation of classical and proper names, by supplying what deficiencies existed in the original text, by introducing much valuable information in the shape of illustrative

notes, and by subjoining to each chapter a series of questions for the exercise of the learner's memory.

The History of England is ably continued to the era of the death of her late Majesty; and there is added a very sensible chapter entitled "Remarks on the Politics, Manners, and Literature of the age," and excellent tables, offering a clear and accurate view of the genealogy of the reigning family from Egbert, the first sole monarch of England.

Appropriate frontispieces, maps, &c. enhance the beauty and utility of all the works we have mentioned, and it is not the least observable of their merits, that they are rich in biographical and geographical intelligence. Upon the whole, we have a sincere pleasure in bringing them more especially under public notice, vouching for them as being admirably calculated to obtain the favour of all teachers and parents. A higher eulogy we could not pass upon them, and a less they do not deserve.

Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire de France, sous le Gouvernement de Napoleon, &c. By M. Salgues. 20th Edit.

This work contains some curious details on Murat, which are written in a style of impartiality, and cannot be read without interest. We shall extract a few of the most remarkable passages:—

"Joachim Murat was born in 1767, at Bastide, a village about four leagues from Cahors. His parents, who were honest and respectable people, lived on the profits of an Inn, which was well frequented by travellers. Nature had endowed young Murat with the happiest qualifications: he possessed an agreeable person, and an acute understanding. His mother, who was tenderly attached to him, sent him, when only nine years of age, to the college of Cahors, intending to educate him for the church. Though Murat did not want talent, yet his extreme levity and inattention proved a bar to his progress. He became the pupil of M. Treneuil, now well known in the literary world as the author of some beautiful elegies on the misfortunes of the Royal Family, but he profited very little even from the instructions of this able preceptor. What Murat wanted with respect to diligence and application was, however, amply compensated by his personal advantages: he was known by the name of the handsome Abbé. It was easy to foresee that fate had never destined him for the church; yet his parents flattered themselves with the hope of seeing him enter the seminary, when he unexpectedly quitted the gown and college and entered the army. But, accustomed to independence, he quickly repented of his resolution, and his family purchased his discharge.

"He returned home, but soon enlisted again; was again bought off, and then en-

tered the army a third time. The Principal of the college being consulted by his unhappy parents, said, "Since he is determined, let him follow his own inclination; who knows but he may one day be Marshal of France!" The revolution opened a new career to him. He became an officer in the regiment of Ardennes, but the violence of his democratic principles soon obliged him to quit it. He came to Paris, where, having exhausted every other resource, he was reduced to the necessity of entering the service of the Restaurateur Beauvilliers, in quality of a waiter. Here he remained but a short time. Some deputies from his native place induced him to enter the constitutional guard of Louis XVI. where, though his comrades were all devoted to the King, he maintained his democratic principles. After the dissolution of the guard, he placed himself under the protection of Marat; and on his death, applied for leave to assume his name; but this the Convention opposed, by passing to the order of the day on his petition. Finally, he obtained a sub-lieutenant's commission in the 12th regiment of chasseurs, and his courage and zeal in the cause of the revolution speedily led to his promotion.

"After the fall of Robespierre, he was disbanded, for the violence of his opinions. On the 13th vendemiaire, he served for the first time under the orders of Buonaparte. From that moment his fortune was made. When Buonaparte found him in Italy, he remarked his activity and courage, raised him to the rank of Brigadier General, and conducted him to Egypt, where he commanded the cavalry in a way highly honourable to him. The old protégé of Marat at length became the brother-in-law of the First Consul, and his subsequent elevation and fall are well known."

Translation of Ovid's Epistles. By E. D. Baynes, Esq. London 1818.

[We have adopted the subjoined Review of this work, written by Mr. Capel Loft, with whose opinions upon it we coincide: and we trust our readers will grant that in occasionally admitting observations on new publications offered to our acceptance, we only seek variety without sacrificing our own impartial judgment.]

Of this delightful Poet the characteristics are ease, sweetness, fertility of thought and expression, elegance and pathos, that abundantly compensate for a little of occasional affectation and *conceit*.

The subject, and mode of relating it in epistolary form render his *Heroides* peculiarly suited to his genius. Those who whimsically fancy that Love was unknown to the ancients, that they understood nothing but *la physique d'amour*, the appetite of the passion, and not that most enchanting affection which in cultivated hearts precedes the passion, and in its turn refines it in a most exquisite degree, may correct here, without going farther, this strange imagination. As it

the seats of the fine arts, Greece and Rome, could have been without that affection, which is in great measure the inspirer of those arts themselves, and in some of the most happy instances of their application, suggests the only standard by which their excellence can be transfused, or could originally have been conceived and imagined. Where Love had been unknown, the Helen, modest, timid and delicate, though culpable, the virgin beauty of the Lavinia of Virgil, the conjugal and maternal graces of the Andromache of the Iliad, or the emanations of the divinity in its most attractive image in the Medicean Venus, could never have existed. They would have been as impossible as that the Juno or the Una of Reynolds, the Venus of Titian, Correggio, or Barry, the Aurora of Guido, should have existed where love had no existence; or that Shakspeare, without its inspiration, should have imagined his Miranda, his Rosalind, his Desdemona, his Juliet, his Perdita; Milton his Eve; Rousseau his Julia and his Sophia.

Of all the translations I recollect to have seen of this enchanting Poet, this specimen of Mr. Baynes, although I think freely as to some of the Epistles not being the best chosen for a debut, appears to me to have most ease, fluency, sweetness, pathos, and graceful spirit.

The use of the subjunctive mood of the verb is, however, I think too frequent, and sometimes rather forced.

There are passages, (and this could not but be) the felicity of which has not been attained: such is that distich at the end of the *Ænone*, so affecting in the thought and expression:

Nam tua sum, tecumque sui puerilibus annis,
Et tua quod superest temporis esse volo.

Which perhaps were better

For thine I am: my childhood passed with thee,
And thine, what yet remains of life would be.

Instead of, as Mr. Baynes has rendered them,

For thine I am, and have been, nor disdain
So just a suit, thine ever would remain.

And,

Dum tua sit Dido, quidlibet esse ferat.

Of which it is easier to say that the version falls short of the original, than to say what it should be. I quote from memory, for I regret that Ovid, contrary to my intention, has not accompanied me.*

I think the two concluding lines of the Dido the worst of the translation: and perhaps the Sappho to Phaon the best translated of all. The *Ænone*,

* Mr. Loft is now residing at Brussels.

which is of the tenderest and purest simplicity in the original, is in general happily transfused into our language.

Both in the Sappho and the Dido, lines abound of great excellence for their characteristic representation of the original, the charm of numbers, so infinitely important to the effect of poetry, the beauty of diction natural and elegant, animated and tender. Mr. Baynes is evidently familiar with the best models antient and modern, and has a taste, an heart and an ear, such as well qualify him to transfuse their excellence into his own language.

THE TIMES; or Views of Society, &c.
London 1819. 8vo. pp. 207.

In our notice of this production last week, we did it but bare justice in omitting to mention the copious notes appended to the poem, for which indeed it is almost simply the vehicle, and, therefore, while we stated our objections to parts of the versification, we ought to have placed in the opposite scale the merit of these notes. They certainly tend to confirm our opinion, that the Author's forte is Comedy, and, with the specimens of that style towards the close of the volume, incline us to the persuasion that he would be a successful suitor with Thalia. Embracing education, fashion, the drama, law, physic, divinity, politics, and in short all the topics of the Times, there is often a display of considerable humour, and always of observation, which do credit to a young writer. As we have only resumed the volume, however, to repair an unintentional wrong, in failing to specify deserts when we recorded errors, we shall neither lengthen this brief re-view by further remarks nor extracts. Nor would we, perhaps, have returned to the subject at all, had it not been that we disclosed the name of the writer, previously incognito, and thus became more amenable to be strictly and fully accurate in our criticism.

TRAVELS IN ASIATIC TURKEY.

Observations on a Journey from Constantinople to Brussa and Mount Olympus, and thence back to Constantinople by the way of Nice and Nicomedia. By Joseph von Hammer. Published at Pest.

THE MOSQUES OF BRUSSA.

Brussa, according to the accounts of its inhabitants and Turkish travellers, contains as many mosques as promenades, that is to say, one for every day in the year, so that, as M. Von Hammer observes, the Musselman may every day find a new place for praying and walking. It appears, however,

that, on a closer examination, this number may be reduced one half; and, the author, following the rule he laid down with respect to the promenades, confines himself to the description of twelve Mosques, or one for every month, instead of one for every day in the year.

"The largest and most beautiful is, by way of distinction, called the *Great* (*Ulu Jahmee*.) It is situated on the most elevated point of the city, and owing to its massy walls and numerous cupolas, presents a most majestic appearance. It is the work of three Sultans, Murad, Bajazet, and Mohammed, each the first of his name. It was begun by the first mentioned Sovereign, continued by his son, and completed by his grandson. Each of these sovereigns likewise built a mosque which bears his own name; but the united efforts of all three produced this monument of the first residence of the Osmanic Sultans. The Great Mosque is a quadrangle, measuring about a hundred paces on each side. The roof is surmounted by nineteen cupolas, which are so arranged, that the space which would form the twentieth is occupied by a large circular window, through which the light descends. Immediately beneath this open cupola, in the centre of the Mosque, is a large quadrangular water-basin. Thus this vast and beautiful Mosque differs from all that are known in Constantinople, Adrianople or Cairo, for none are either lighted from the top, or refreshed by a water-basin in the interior. The basin in the *great Mosque* at Brussa receives the rays of the sun when in the zenith, and the tears of Heaven when it rains; and whilst the birds warble on the outside of the brass-wire lattice-work, which, extending like a fishing-net over the whole open space, prevents them from entering and building their nests in the interior of the Mosque, the fish swim tranquilly in the basin, heedless of the net which the shadow of the lattice-work throws over the surface of the water. In addition to this, the alcove of the Prayer-proclaimer, and the pulpit* for the performance of Friday-prayers, are remarkable for the style of their sculpture. The carved work of the latter presents imitations of flowers, fruit, buds, foliage, tendrils, and the beautiful borders, for dresses embroidered in silk, for which Brussa is greatly celebrated. Throughout the whole Osmanic empire there is nothing at all comparable to this carved work, except that which ornaments the pulpit of *Sinope*. The quadrangular pillars were formerly gilt from the floor upwards, and still, as well as the walls, exhibit in-

* In every great Mosque, where prayers are said on Fridays, there are two pulpits, one (the *Meenber*) for the *Khatib*, or repeater of the prayers for the Sultan, and the other (the *Korral*) for the ordinary preacher. The former is very elevated, and is always next to the *Mihrab*, or grand altar; the latter is low, and situated in some other part of the Mosque. The alcove, in which the Prayer-proclaimer repeats the prayers through the mosque, after they have resounded from the minarets, is called *Mahfil*, which is also the name of the upper Mosque, appropriated to the Sultan.

scriptions in immensely large characters, which may justly be termed calligraphic precepts. They consist of texts from the Koran, or epithets applied to the Deity; as, for example, *Ya Soobhan* (O, worthy of all praise,) *Ya Diyan* (O, worthy of all faith,) *Ya Mennan* (O all powerful,) *Ya Hannan* (O all merciful.)

"The Mosque has three doors; near that leading to the left is the place in which the Sultan prays, which, as it is not elevated, is improperly called an upper Mosque. The door on the right is called the Gate of Justice (*Mehkeme Kapessce*.) The grand door, on the outside of which a stone sofa stands, is invariably called the *Kibla-door*, because it looks towards *Kibla*, or Mecca, and the *Mihrab*, or grand altar, likewise stands in the same direction. The courtyard, or *Harem*, is comparatively neither so large nor so beautiful as those of other Mosques; in the centre is a house, with a fountain for religious purifications, which was built by the celebrated *Mufti Asi Efendi* (a singularly ambitious, artful, extravagant and profligate character,) during his banishment to Brussa. On each side of the principal front, two great minarets are erected on immensely strong bases, and entirely detached from the main building. On the upper gallery of the minaret, on the left hand side, which looks towards the *Mehkeme*, or Hall of Justice, the architect has constructed a fountain, the water of which was supplied from a spring on the summit of Olympus. The machinery by which the water was raised has long since fallen into decay; but heavy rains still fill the basin on the minaret, which, like a column, elevates the fountain, as it were, to the clouds. The pipes of this spring, like the source of the funds for its foundation, are through mismanagement completely dried up. The funds were formerly so extensive that the floor was covered with costly carpets, and during the nights of the *Ramazan* the Mosque was lighted by seven hundred lamps."

(To be continued.)

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS, FOR JANUARY 1819.

Art. I. Ellis's Journal of the Proceedings of the late Embassy to China.

We have already given such copious extracts from this work, that we need only refer our readers to them, and quote some of M. Remusat's remarks on the *kou-tou*.

M. Remusat discusses the question whether Lord Macartney performed the ceremony of the *sheou-theou* (so he spells it.) All the persons composing the embassy of Lord Macartney affirm that he was dispensed from it, and in any other point, the mere affirmation of persons so respectable and worthy of credit, would not allow the slightest doubt. But without opposing to this unanimous testimony the insinuations of Anderson, or the interested testimony of the Chinese Mandarins, that of the Emperor himself seems, however, to

merit some consideration; besides the Russian interpreter Vladikin, who was at Pekin when Lord Macartney's embassy was received, and other persons who had means to be particularly well-informed of the fact, agree on stating circumstances very contrary to the English account. Count Golownin, the Russian ambassador, having attempted to avail himself of the exemption granted to Lord Macartney, was positively assured that this exemption never had been given. Lastly, independently of all these testimonies, it is difficult to conceive the motive which could have induced them thus to violate, without necessity, the most sacred of the ceremonies of the court. The Chinese history contributes to make this possibility seem doubtful.

About the year 713, ambassadors from the Caliph Walid, came to present a tribute to the Emperor Hiouan-tsoung. They desired to be excused from the ceremony of prostration in the audience which they were to obtain. They were immediately brought to trial before a tribunal, and the sentence of the president declared that they deserved death, for having committed an unpardonable fault against the usages; nevertheless Hiouan-tsoung was pleased to pardon them. After this, other ambassadors came, who represented that in their country people prostrated themselves before God alone, and never before Kings. They were severely reprimanded, and they prostrated themselves. In 798 the Caliph Haroun sent three ambassadors. *Han-thsa*, *Ou-ki*, and *Cha-pe*; they all three performed the ceremony, and the chief minister loaded them with presents. It may be observed, that the Chinese were fully aware of the immense power of the Arabs; that they had had disputes with them in Tibet and in Mawarunnahar, and that the emperor Tai-tsoung even had in his service a body of Arab auxiliaries, with whose aid he had retaken his two capital cities from the rebels.

"The tribute of the Russians," says the *Tai-thsing-i-thoung-tchi* (l. cclv. p. 25, 26) "comes from *Kia-khe-tou* (Kiachta) passing along the country of the Kalkas, and entering by the defile of *Tchang-hia* to arrive at Pekin." Would the reader know how they describe in their history those famous negotiations which have been so much talked of in Europe, and which served to fix the boundaries of the two empires? "In the 24th year *Khang-hi*, orders were given to General *Sa-pou-sou* and the other commanders of the river of the black Dragon, to assemble troops and to besiege Yaksa; the submission was delayed several days. In the 25th year the *Tchha-han Khan* of this kingdom, or the white King (the Emperor of Russia) sent ambassadors to beg pardon for his fault (*sie tsou*.) These envoys represented that the inhabitants of their inferior kingdom (*Hia-koue*) were quarrelsome and rebellious men, but that in future they should be kept within strict bounds. They supplicated the Emperor to be pleased to order the siege of *Ya-khe-sa* to be raised, and requested besides that the frontiers might be fixed. A decree per-

mitted it." There is, therefore, nothing surprising in the words of *Khang-hi* quoted by Mr. Morrison (View of China, p. 7). "In the 49 years that I have been upon the throne, I have crushed the rebels, conquered the island of Formosa, and subdued the Russians." Even the hospitality which the Chinese pique themselves on practising towards strangers, has in it something which cannot but humble them, while it gratifies their own vanity. The law prescribes what is to be given daily to a Russian ambassador: a sheep, a cup of wine, a box of tea weighing a *kin*, or pound; a pitcher of milk, because the Russians are accustomed to drink it with their tea; two ounces of butter, two fish, a pound of salted cabbage, four ounces of *misoun*, or soy; four ounces of vinegar, one ounce of salt, and two saucers of oil to burn in the lamps at night. The same provisions are given to his suite; but by a special favour of the Emperor, they serve up to the ambassador alone, once in nine days, a dinner of four courses, in the Chinese fashion, and ten cups of tea, prepared in the manner of the Manchous. Let us not forget that these kinds of favours, the presents made to ambassadors, those expected from the Princes who send them, the steps which they are to take, the most trifling circumstances of their reception, have particular names in the Chinese language; that these names always indicate the relation of a subject to his master, of a vassal to his sovereign, and that it would be necessary to new model the language, if it were desired to prevent those diplomatic ambiguities, the tacit consequences of which are sought for by one party with more care than the other takes to avoid them.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, MARCH 6.

The beginning of this week the following Degrees were conferred:—

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—Francis Hilvert, and Nathaniel William Hallward, of Worcester College; Charles Backhouse Sowerby, of University College; William Henry Waller, and Robert Noble, of Brasenose College; John Carr, of Christ Church.

CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 5.

At a congregation on Saturday last, grace passed the Senate for an application for a royal mandamus to confer the degree of Master of Arts on the Rev. S. Lee, B.A. of Queen's College.

Mr. G. Cole, of St. John's College, was on the same day admitted Bachelor of Arts.

Mr. Thomas P. Platt, of Trinity College, is elected University Scholar on the foundation of Dr. Davies.

The Hon. Berkeley Octavius Noel, son of the Baroness Barham (a Peeress in her own right) has just been admitted Nobleman of Trinity College in this University.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

No. 17. Cottage and Figures; 88. The Oreston Quarry; 93. St. Nicholas Island, &c.; 179. Ruins: Evening; and 192. Portlock, Somersetshire. By *G. Samuel*. We are indebted to this able artist for some highly interesting views of a very interesting part of the country, namely, about Oreston Quarry, and other scenes near Plymouth, where that great National undertaking the Breakwater is being carried on. Of this stupendous work he gives us at once a beautiful and grand idea. No. 88 is, indeed, a subject happily suited to Mr. Samuel's talents. The clear distance of the ocean, and its extended line, is well set off by the locality and truth with which the foreground is managed, and the no less remarkable singularity of its character and colour. No. 17. is a pleasing and familiar scene, into which, perhaps, a little more of variety and strength might have been introduced with some effect; but all the pictures we have enumerated, display the hand of a good draughtsman and skilful painter, uniting taste with judgment in most of his compositions.

No. 65. Allied Cavalry on a March; 67. Chalk-pit; 83. The Alehouse-door. *J. A. Atkinson*. Since the battle of Waterloo, marches and charges of cavalry have increased upon us (the shadows of war, thank heaven! in peace,) until they cease to become objects of interest, unless under some very peculiar situations or extraordinary effects of light and colour. Mr. Atkinson's picture is spirited and worthy of commendation; but, from what we have said, we had rather see him at an alehouse-door, or in a chalk-pit, on both of which he has exercised his pencil with great skill.

92. Magna Charta. *A. W. Devis*. Cardinal Langton exciting the Barons to insist on the renewal and observance of the charter (or pretended charter) of Henry I. forms the groundwork of this historical picture, which is above 5 feet by 6 in size. As a painting, it is generally feeble, and rather scattered in effect: but there are some passages sweetly executed; especially the children's heads on the right, attendants upon the Archbishop. It at the same time derives a merit, and evinces an inconsistency, from the circumstance of the ancient Barons being diluted into portraits of modern noblemen. It is absolutely laughable to see some of our smock-faced sprigs of fashion in the armour of those stern warriors who extorted the great charter of our liberties from a pusillanimous King. Almost throughout, the looks and dresses of the individuals are ludicrously contrasted, and glancing from the mail and heraldic blazonary to the countenances, we are struck with the want of keeping in the beardless, unwarlike, and even puerile expression of many of the likenesses. Mr. Devis has indeed accomplished the proverbial difficulty of planting young heads upon old shoulders; but still some of the portraits are fine and

characteristic, and their owners seem lineally descended from the heroes of other days.

No. 19. Timon's Cave; 116. The Melancholy Jaques; 117. The Forest of Arden; 164. Landscape: Evening. *John Boaden*. The landscapes of this artist have a truly picturesque and dramatic character. Timon's Cave reminded us of the wild forms of rock and glen so potently described by the author of *Waverley*. The forest of Arden is in the same poetic vein, and though the colour is rather crude and monotonous, the pencilling is free, and the whole of these works have an air of originality.

No. 51. Iris sent to Somnus to procure a Dream in the shape of Ceyx, &c. *Ovid Metam.* Book XI. *John Taylor*. It must be confessed that this is a difficult subject, and, according to our notions, has not been understood. There are some things which painting cannot do, and this, though stuff, is not "such stuff as dreams are made of."

No. 53. Interior of the Elgin Gallery. *A. Archer*. This picture, though interesting from its subject, is not so from its treatment, nor in truth could the statues of Greece be mingled favourably with modern costume. These vast fragments of ancient art, by their grandeur and simplicity, seem to set at nought every thing that is artificial. The portraits introduced, are, as far as we are acquainted with them, like the originals; but there is a want of aerial perspective, which causes those in the foreground to appear too large. Altogether, the medley looks to us to be absurd, and, to make a tolerable and consistent picture, we advise the Artist to eradicate the jumble by entirely rubbing out either all the marbles, or all the men. Otherwise his labour will remain as fruitless as that of his namesake, of whom we long ago read "*A* (was an) *Archer*, and shot at a Frog."

No. 244. Village Choristers Tuning. *W. Novice*. There is a good deal of truth of character and also much technical skill in this musical piece, but for want of that guiding principle of art from which the eye finds repose, and is brought to consider the whole before it examines the component parts, the Artist's labour is here (as well as in many other instances) lost. Breadth would have been a saving clause in this case.

Nos. 97, 99, 205, 213. Broadstairs, Back of Broadstairs Pier, Near Betchworth, Surrey, and Flemish Boats making the Harbour. *John Wilson*. Were it at all necessary to prove the versatility of British talent, in every varied walk of art, the productions of this Artist would suggest themselves as fit for a parallel with those of any one of the best Flemish masters. Yet is he perfectly distinct from mere imitation: his prototype is nature, and his pencil is his own. The Flemish boats, &c. would do credit to any school or any collection.

No. 186. View of the actual State of the Arch of Titus. 198. View of the Piazza del gran duca at Florence. *J. J. Masquerier*. These are both interesting architectural and classical subjects, and we are glad of

such distinct impressions of Italian magnificence. The figures afford an admirable idea of the costume of the country.

To the catalogue of pictures sold in the British Gallery, which we had the pleasure of giving in our last, we have now the following gratifying additions to make. We assure the lovers of our Native School, that if they will purchase, we will not grudge them a column, nor even, though not so sounding a word, a page or two of the *Literary Gazette*, to record their patronage of a delightful art.

103. Cottage and Figures, *John Burnett*.—Gen. Dowdswell.
230. Fisherman's Hut; Isle of Wight, the Same. —*James Wadmore*, Esq.
233. Boy and Cattle, the Same. —*James Wadmore*, Esq.
156. Una with the Satyrs, *W. Hilton*, R.A.—*Jesse Watts Russell*, Esq. 230 gs.
143. Falstaff in the Buckbasket, *G. S. Newton*. —*Isaac Coles*, Esq. 50 gs.
176. The Fall of Babylon, *J. Martin*—*Henry Philip Hope*, Esq. 400 gs.
25. The Woodman's Cottage Door, *T. Barker*. —*Sir W. Cockburn*, Bart. 350. gs.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[*Literary Gazette.*]

STANZAS.

"I cannot but remember such things were,"
Macbeth.

There was a glance, for me that brightened;
There was a blush, for me that heightened;
There was a voice, whose melting tone
Whispered of love to me alone.

That glance no more my eyes shall fill,
No more that blush my bosom thrill;
That voice no more, with sweet control
Charm to forgetfulness my soul.

That eye in night is shaded now,
That cheek in earth is mouldering low,
That voice is hushed, to wake no more,
And all my hope in life is o'er! C. E.

If I address this to the signature, *B. O. H.* whose lines occasioned it, some may suppose I think the author a goose; now, to prevent misconception, I say beforehand, I am well aware a goose cannot be a poet, though a poet can be a goose.

Nay, fling not by thy lyre,
Though earthly maid inspire
No more the magic of its strains divine;
What if that mistress flout thee,
Keep but thy wits about thee,
And one lost love thou may'st repay with nine.

And less expensive far,
Those heaven nine loves are,
Than e'en one love of this degenerate sphere;
To them is meat and drink,
A little pen and ink
And pancing, things that few would call good cheer.

They ask nor silk nor lace,
Nor house in square or place,
Nor play or opera box, nor coach and four;
Nor mind their suitor wear
The fashion of last year,
Nor is his purse *new sous*, or running o'er.

A smartish billet doux
 Their hearts will surer woo,
 Than all the diamonds you* could buy from
 Rundle;
 Unlike a worldly girl,
 Who'd value more one pearl,
 Than of your manuscript a porter's bundle.

Then of thy lyre again
 Awake the slumbering strain,
 Nor be cast down tho' one young flirt deceive;
 You should sing gaily, when
 (Such luck's not for all men)
 Nine out of ten your homage will receive.

C.

* This 'you' is rather doubtful, but of the various interpretations let us charitably adopt the most liberal.

[By Correspondents.]

SONNET.

"I grati zefiri di primavera."—Metast.

Sweet Spring, thy young and soft love-beaming eye
 Doth woo the tender buds to trust the day,
 Whilst far from thee the angry gales do fly,
 And genial showers thy welcome call obey.
 Content, and joy, and pleasure's lovely train,
 Appear propitious with the light-wing'd hours,
 And as they glide with rapture o'er the plain,
 The zephyrs gently wake thy early flowers.
 At thy approach the weary fields rejoice,
 And gladly reassume their native green,
 All nature hears thy universal voice,
 And feels thy influence through each varied scene.

Gay blooming maid, thy virgin sweets diffuse
 A tranquil joy, that cheers the drooping Muse.

DINNER POSTPONED.

To W. M*****, Esq.

Dear WILL, you well know that our friend—
What's his name,
 Though fond of good Manners, pronounced it a
 shame,
 That the House should, overlooking the merits
 of *Wynn*,
 Keep one out of the Chair who so wished to
 get in;
 And betted a rump and a dozen that we,
 If we lived a new Parliament ever to see,
 Should find he at once would be chosen the
 Speaker,
 In spite of their jeers, who have dubbed him the
 Squeaker,
 Who then would be forced—his exact words I
 use,
 Haranguing to mind well their *P's* and their *Q's*.
 Our friend owns he's lost; but he goes on to
 say
 He don't mean at present the wager to pay.
 "We'll postpone it till Easter," he cries, "then
 the Spring
 Will be opening—the birds will delightfully sing,
 And strolling from town, our convivial joys
 Shall be safe from the city, its smoke, and its
 noise."
 A fine excuse this!—But in one of my letters
 I tell him he's rather too free with his *Bettors*.
 'Tis hard we should thus be kept out of our
 treat—
 'Tis hard to have dinner put off—Is it meet?
 I fear me the cash that should buy it is spent,
 And if it be not, I am certain 'tis Lent.

Till Easter, if cheated and baulked in this fashion,
 I am sure by the last week to get in a Passion;
 When Time, who at pleasure knows how to go
 slow,
 Has the wish'd-for day brought, will it finish
 our woe?
 No;—our friend's lost an arm, and at last we
 must starve,
 Unless you and I take upon us to carve;
 And we shall appear at this singular dinner,
 Though winners, both dished, while the loser's a
Wynn-er.
 Shrovetide 1819.

T. G.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

Second Series, No. VI.

MY COUNTRY COUSIN.

"What a pretty morning I have made of it!" exclaimed my cousin Bob, who had arrived the day before from the country. "How do you mean?" said I. "Why I have been hoaxed and queered and gammoned by every body, from the Jew boy up to the gawdy. I know what." "Relate," said I, smiling; for he appeared all in a flurry, and somewhat ridiculous.

"In the first place, as I was going to look at my horses, a fellow ran against me, and smeared my new drab great coat. You unmannerly son of a—bad woman, exclaimed I, 'tis my country cousin who is speaking] do you know who I am? 'Know who you are?' answered the rascal; 'No. Mayhap Giles Jolter from Warwickshire.' So laughing and lolling his tongue out of his mouth, he passed on. At the same moment a mud cart crossed me, just as I was going after the fellow to give him a touch of my hand whip, and splattered me all over. I told my mind pretty freely to the driver, who made a swell of his cheek by tucking his tongue into it, and cried, 'Johnny Raw, when did you come to town?' 'I'll commit you by —, cried I; 'I'm a magistrate. 'And a fool,' says the fellow; 'vy, I'll box you for your estate:' so saying, he off with his coat. Now as I am a bit of a dab that way, I thought that I'd indulge him a little, and that he'd find an ugly customer. So, giving my coat to a well dressed gentleman, I squared, and stood up to him like a man.

"'He's beneath your notice,' cried a grave gentleman, dressed in a suit of mourning, with powdered hair, and green spectacles; 'don't dirty your fingers with him; he's beneath your notice. And you, sirrah, if you don't ask the gentleman's pardon, this minute, I'll take the number of your cart, and have you fined; I saw you splash the gentleman on purpose, and that's a breach of the peace.' 'I humbly ax your pardon,' says the rascal. Why then, says I, all malice is over. So I turned round to put on my coat, but—the well dressed sharper was off with it. 'Stop

thief,' says the carman; 'I'll catch him; but where can I bring the coat to your Honour?' To that livery stable, I replied, pointing to where my horses stand.

"'I'll accompany you,' said the elderly gentleman in black. Many thanks, said I; and, when I have got my coat, I should be happy to offer you a sandwich and a glass of Madeira. The gentleman stopped a quarter of an hour; but the carman did not return. So he made his excuses, that he could not remain any longer, and left me, exchanging cards, and promising to call upon me. I read his card, 'Sir John Jones, Adelphi Hotel.' You do me honour, Sir John, said I, offering him my hand.

"At this moment the carman came up. 'Very sorry, your Honour,' said he, 'but the rascal is too nimble for me.' I put my hand in my pocket to give him half a crown, when—lo and behold you, my pocket was picked of fourteen pounds, besides silver, my grandmother's gold ring, my watch, a receipt for making blacking, a gold pencil-case, and my gardening knife. The devil is in London! cried I. Why what a burning shame! Botany Bay must be let loose in this quarter of the town; and—would you believe it? (addressing himself more emphatically to me) all the grooms and the ostler burst out a laughing. D—n ye all, cried I, and smacked my whip at 'em; on which they ran off, one crying to another, 'What a green-horn!' 'What a young one!' 'What a spooney!' 'What a cake!' and I don't know what all.

"I now sent my groom for my bottle, green hunting-frock, and mounted my famous roan,—cost me two hundred; my man riding a thorough-bred bay. Well, I had not been a quarter of an hour in Rotten Row, when two Dandies, as I'm told they're called, turned up their nose at me. One took his glass and measured me from head to foot; and, as I passed by, the other monkey-thing says to brother baboon, 'Who's my country cousin?—who have we got from the Fens of Lincolnshire—a fine pigeon!—Mind the country-cut coat, and the mahogany topp'd boots.'

"Well, I despised them; and as I was carelessly walking my horse down the ride, with my whip under my arm, I had the misfortune to run it in a beautiful woman's eye, mounted on a rare bit of blood, and followed by a groom in a crimson and gold livery.—A thousand pardons, ma'am, said I; I hope I have not hurt you. 'Not much,' replied she, in a very sweet voice. So I took off my hat respectfully to her; begged her pardon again and again; and we rode up and down the Park twice, I being charmed with her conversation.

"Just at this moment, cousin Dick, in his dragoon uniform, gallops up to me, and taking me aside, says he—'Lady Mary there, pointing to a carriage, 'desires me to say that she begs you will not presume to bow to her again, or to call upon her, since you have been riding with one of the commonest —. — Says I, I'm sorry to offend Lady Mary, our neighbour; but did not know it. 'Oh! you fool,' cried

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 said I;
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Dick, 'every one knows her. Why they'll take you for . . . I a . . . , said I; why, d— me, I scorn your words—but he was off."

My cousin afterwards went out to dinner, and informed me, next morning, that he was laced up so tight in order to be in fashion, that he could not eat an ounce; and after the opera, a school-fellow took him to a tavern, where there was private play, and fleeced him of three hundred pounds, for which he gave his bill.

'A pretty three days in London indeed!' said I. He went home on the fourth; and I trust that his example may be useful to other country cousins, who may be exposed to the same snares.—I need not add that Sir John Jones, of the Adelphi Hotel, was no where to be found, nor the purse and other articles which my cousin lost at the time he had the honour to get acquainted with him. The fellow was as little known, and not nearly so much liked as

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

THE DRAMA.

THE TRAYTOR, BY JAMES SHIRLEY.

Shirley, like Shakspeare, varied some of his tragedies by the introduction of comic characters and scenes, and in our last Number, when comparing his play of *The Traytor* with *Ecadue*, we signified our intention of extracting a specimen of this kind from that "Poëme." Among the creatures of Lorenzo, the traitor, is one named *Depazzi*, who has a servant called *Rogero*. Signor *Depazzi* is alarmed at the treasons in which he is implicated, and the following highly humorous and entertaining scene takes place between him and his dependent.

DEPAZZI. Rogero?

ROGERO. My Lord.

DEP. Make fast the chamber-doore, stuffe the key-hole and the crannies, I must discourse of secret matters, dost thou smell nothing Rogero? ha?

RO. Smell? Not any thing my Lord to offend my nostrill.

DEP. Come hither, what do the people talke abroad of me? Answer me justly, and to the point, what doe they say?

RO. Faith, my Lord, they say that you are

DEP. They lie, I am not, they are a lousie impudent multitude, a many-headed, and many-horned generation, to say that I am

RO. A noble gentleman, a just and discrete Lord, and one that deserv'd to have his honours without money.

DEP. Oh is that it? I thought the rable would have said, I had been a Traytor, I am halfe mad certainly ere since I consented to Lorenzo, 'tis a very hard condition, that a man must loose his head to recompence the procuring of his honours: what if I discover him to the Duke, ten to one, if Lorenzo come but to speake, his

grace wonot ha the Grace to belevee me, and then I runne the hazard to be throwne out of all atother side: 'tis safest to be a Traytor, hum, who is it that you whisper'd to?

RO. I whisper?

DEP. Marry did you Sirra.

RO. Not I good faith my Lord.

DEP. Sirra, sirra, sirra, I smell a Rat behinde the hangings? Here's no body, ha? are there no Trunkes to convey secret voice?

RO. Your Lordship has a paire on.

DEP. I do not like that face i th' arras, a my conscience hee points at me, a pox upon this treason, I have no stomach too't, I do see my selfe upon a scaffold, making a pittiful speech already, I shall ha my head cut off, seaven yeares agoe I layd my head upon a wager I remember, and lost it; let me see, it shall be so, tis good policie to be arm'd, Rogero, imagine I were a Traytor.

RO. How Sir?

DEP. I but say imagine, we may put the case, and that I were apprehended for a Traytor.

RO. Heaven defend.

DEP. Heaven has somthing else to doe, then to defend Traytors: I say, Imagine I were brought to the barre.

RO. Good my Lord, you brought to the barre?

DEP. I will beate you, if you wonot imagine at my bidding: I say, suppose I now were at the barre to answere for my life.

RO. Well sir.

DEP. Well sir, that's as it happens, you must imagine I will answere the best I can for my selfe, conceive I prithee, that these chaires were Iudges most grave and venerable beards and faces at my arraignment, and that t'is selfe wert in the name of the Duke and state to accuse me what couldst thou say to me?

RO. I accuse your honour? for what I beseech you?

DEP. For high Treason you blockehead.

RO. I must be acquainted with some particulars first.

DEP. Masse thou saiest right: why, imagine, d'ee heare? You must but imagine, that some great man had a conspiracy against the Dukes person; and that I being an honest Lord, and one of this great mans friends, had been drawne in, for that's the plaine truth on't, twas against my will, but that's all one: Well, thou understandst mee; shew thy wit Rogero, scratch thy nimble *perieranium*, and thunder out my accusation *ex tempore*: Here I stand Signior *Depazzi*, ready to answer the inditement.

RO. Good my Lord it will not become me, being your humble servant.

DEP. Humble Coxcombe, is't not for my good? I say, accuse me, bring it home, jerke me soundly to the quicke Rogero, tickle me as thou lovest thy Lord; I doe defie thee, spare me not, and the devill take thee if thou bee'st not malicious.

RO. Why then have at you, first Signior *Depazzi*, thou art indicted of high

Treason, hold up thy hand, guiltie, or not guiltie?

DEP. Very good.

RO. Nay, very bad Sir, answer I say, guiltie or not guiltie?

DEP. Not guiltie.

RO. Tis your best course to say so, well imagine I rise up the Duke's most learned in the Lawes, and his nimble tongu'd Orator, have at you Signior.

DEP. Come, come on sir, here I stand—

RO. I will prove thou liest in thy throate if thou deniest thy Treason, and so I addresse my selfe to the most vnderstanding seates of Justice: most wise, most honourable, and most incorrupt Judges, sleepe not I beseech you, my place hath call'd me to plead in the behalfe of my Prince and Countrie against this notable, this pernicious, and impudent Traitor, who hath plotted and contrived such high, hainous, and horrible treasons as no Age nor Historie hath ever mention'd the like. Here hee stands, whose birth I will not touch, because its altogether unknowne who begot him: He was brought up among the smal wares in the Cittie, became rich by sinister and indirect practises, married a Merchant's wife at adventures, and was soone after advanced to be a *Head-Officer*.

DEP. Why you Rascall.

RO. Peace sirra, peace, nay Your Lordships shall finde him very audacious: This fellow not content to have his branches spread within the Cittie, I speake it to his face, let him denie it, was afterward by the corruption of his confederate, and the meere grace of his highnesse raised to honour, received infinite favours from his Prince of blessed memorie, yet like a wretch, a villaine, a viper, a Rat of *Nine*, he hath practised Treasons against the sacred person of the Duke, for which he deserveth not onely to die, but also to suffer tortures, whips, racks, strapadoes, wheelles, and all the fiery brazen bulls that can bee invented, as I shall make it appeare to this honourable and illustrious Court.

DEP. This rogues transported.

RO. With all my heart I obey your Lordships—thus then I passe from these circumstances, and proceed to the principall villanies that wee have to lay to his charge. Impimis thou Signior *Depazzi* didst offer to a Groome 100 crownes to poyson his highness hunting saddle.

DEP. Did I.

RO. Do not interrupt mee varlet I will proove it, his hunting saddle, and wee shall be unto thy breech therefore, and finding this serpentine treason broken in the shell, doe but lend your reverend eares to his next designes I will cut em off presently. This irreligious nay Atheistical Traitor, did with his owne hands poyson the Dukes prayer booke, oh impiety! and had his highness as in former times, hee accustomed but pray'd once in a month, which by special grace he omitted, how fatal had it bene to Florence? but as by justice his excellence did then, and by his owne want of devotion, prevent this assassinate purpose, so we hope in his owne discretion, and the

councell of his state, hee will take heed how he prays hereafter while hee lives, to which every true subject will say Amen.

DEF. May it please your honours - - -

Ro. Thou impudent brazen fac'd Traitor, will thou deny it? more over, and like your good Lordships, hee hath for this fortnight or three weekes before his apprehension, walk'd up and downe the Court with a case of pistols charg'd wherewith, as he partly confessed, hee intended to send the Duke to heaven with a powder.

DEF. This rogue will undoe the Divell at inuention, may it please this honorable - - -

Ro. These are but sprinklings of his treason.

DEF. Will you justifie this? did I any of these things you tadpole.

Ro. Hold your selfe contented my Lord, he that is brought to the barre in case of treason, must looke to have more objected then he can answer, or any man is able to justifie.

DEF. I confesse and please your good Lordships - - -

Ro. Marke, hee will confesse.

DEF. That's the way to be sent of a headles errand, indeed I confesse that I never intended any treason to his highnes, nor ever sought the princes life, true it is, that I heard of a conspiracie - -

Ro. That, that my Lords hath overthrowne him, he saith he never sought the princes life, *ergo* he sought his death, besides he that hath heard of treason and discovereth not is equally guilty in fact: for in offences of this nature there are not accessories, *ergo* hee is a principall, and beeing a principal Traitor, hee deserveth condemnation.

DEF. Shall I not speake?

Ro. No, traitors must not be suffered to speake, for when they have leave they have liberty, and hee that is a Traitor deserveth to bee close Prisoner.

DEF. All that this fellow hath vtterd, is false and forgd, abominable lyes.

Ro. I will speake truth, and I will be heard, and no man else in this place.

DEF. I never dre'mt of a hunting saddle, nor never had so much as a thought of any prayer booke.

Ro. You sit here to do justice, I speak for the Duke and the safety of the Common Wealth.

DEF. As for pistols, tis well knowne I could never endure the report one e'm, I defie powder and shot as I doe him that accuseth mee.

Ro. I defie al the world that will heare a Traitor speake for himselfe, tis against the Law which provides that no man shall defend treason, and he that speaks for himselfe being a Traitor, doth defend his treason, thou art a Capitall obstreperous malefactor.

DEF. Thou art a madman:

Ro. Go to you have playd the foole too much.

DEF. Thou continual motion cease, a pox upon thee hold thy tongue.

Ro. The pox wonot serve your turne.

DEF. Why then this shall—(*Beates him.*)

Ro. Hold, hold good my Lord, I am sensible, I ha done, imagine I ha done, I but obeyed your Lordship, whose batooone I find stronger then my imagination, my Lord you will answer this to stricke i' th Court thus?

DEF. I am as wearie—harke Rogero (*knocks*) one knocks, see, see, thers to make thee amends see good Rogero, and say nothing pray heaven it be no pursavant.

We hope we have not transgressed too far with this specimen of Shirley's comic humour, but as he is an author far too little known out of the reading dramatic circle, we presume our extract will be a novelty.

KING'S THEATRE.—La Modista Regatrice has been repeated, but we think without sufficient effect, though the music is certainly in Paesello's first manner, and Bellocchi displays great talents in the obligato cavatina for the French horn in the second act. Her Malbrook se 'n va t'en guerre, though strangely enough introduced, a French air in an Italian opera, is also very pleasing. Garcia displays much science as a musician and "master of fence:" but he embellishes too much, and his style wrongs an agreeable voice, and is not calculated to be popular in this country, where melody is more prized than harmony, and the whole audience feels, whereas only a few understand. Ambrogetti's schoolmaster is replete with humour. He is an excellent comedian, and his gesticulations and grimaces are all happily chosen. We advise him, however, most earnestly to refrain from mixing English phrases with his Italian dialogue. Though we may be a little Boetian, our taste is above that trick which is quite out of place. Spagnolletti's violin, accompanying the air of Signora Mori, was much applauded. The air itself seems to us too difficult for the singer's voice. Signora Corri has improved since last season in voice, but not at all in her acting, which is cold and awkward.

Upon the whole, the music is feeble, and there is too much buffoonery in the piece, for London, though it suited the meridian of Naples.

KING HENRY IV.—DRURY LANE.—Mr. Kean has appeared as Hotspur, and Mr. S. Kemble as Falstaff: the former did not succeed, and the latter failed. The inferior casts, except Mrs. Sparks' Dame Quickly, were very, very mediocre.

THE CASTLE OF WONDERS.—Wonders they do say will never cease: it rejoices us that they are begun at Drury Lane. An enterprising hero married to a very affectionate lady, nolens volens, against the will of her uncle; the said uncle determined on revenge by making her a widow; the youthful pair flying, i. e. travelling by the Fly-Diligence, through Switzerland; and lastly, instead of trying to escape the dangers they had incurred, seeking others in an enchanted castle, afford a fair idea of the characters and incidents of this

Romantic Drama. In the castle, a sort of babyish fairy tale is enacted, the hero sees haunted rooms, and caverns, and lakes, and is saved from his uncle, or rather wife's uncle, by the genius of the place, who falls in love with him. He, however, does not like fairies so well as flesh and blood (this, we speak it to his praise, is the only sensible part of his conduct,) and rejects her advances. His constancy is rewarded by forgiveness from the uncle; his wife finds him out in the middle of the enchantments, which had not power to enchant him, and all her charms are of course his recompense. There is a grand rejoicing and this "grand dramatic Romance" finishes. To criticise such a thing as this we shall not attempt. All that we say is, "Heaven defend us, and all for whom we have any regard, from such enchanting entertainments!"

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO, &c.—COVENT GARDEN.—This Opera has been put up with great expense and acting, as well as musical strength; but as our limits forbid any further allotment to the drama this week, we must confine ourselves to the notice of its general excellence.

MATHEWS' AT HOME.—This admirable mime having had a trip to Paris, has returned from abroad with a new budget of entertainment wherewith to be at Home. With this change of performance it is our duty to be pleased, since it accords with the counsel we presumed to offer to the performer last season. But even without that recommendation, we think he must be very stoical who could resist the laughter-moving melange which is now presented at the English Opera House. We will shortly describe it.

The first part consists of a poetical proem, in delivering which Mr. Mathews is not so pre-eminently successful, as his talent does not lie either in the melody of song or powers of distinct recitation. As all the world goes to Paris, he resolves to go thither also, enters the diligence in London, paints his fellow travellers, &c. and after sundry zig-zags arrives at Dover. The examinations at the Custom House over, and some odd contraband articles detected, the "delights of the packet" are said and sung. Here the scene is wonderfully diverting. The account of the passengers, and the various effects of nausea, not carried to a disgusting pitch, are exquisitely imitated. In part second the voyagers land at Calais, are astounded by the jabber around, and amazed at hearing the little children speak French. Several Commissioners (Commissionaires) are polite to our humorous traveller, and it is some time before he finds out that persons under this sonorous title are runners of errands. From Calais to Paris his route is by Boulogne, Montreuil, Nampont, (Sterne's Nampont, which has received more celebrity from one dead *au*, than other towns receive from hundreds of living ones!) Abbeville, and St. Denis. At

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Abbeville he meets with an unfortunate countryman, "poor Mr. Rogers," who is returning to England under a medical prescription, to avoid the slightest irritation of his nerves, and who is accompanied thus far by his particular friend Monsieur Denise, who torments him to death, by correcting his pronunciation of the French tongue. Taking an affectionate leave of his orthoepical persecutor, who is to retrace his way to Paris by the coach at three o'clock in the morning, the exhausted and forgiving Englishman retires to bed, in the same room with Mathews. Between two and three the latter is roused by a loud knocking, and inquiring what is wanted, is answered, "Not you, do not take the trouble to awake, I want my friend Monsieur Rogers, and have woke seven gentlemen already, one of which is not him!" It is the accurate Denise, who cannot depart till he has disturbed the slumbers of the poor invalid, to set him right in his last words on the preceding evening, "*Adieu, Denise*," which he unhappily pronounced "*Adieu, Dennis*."

St. Denis is so called from its patron, who walked thither from Paris, after decapitation, with his head under his arm, a feat not so marvellous, as the distance is only five miles, and the road excellent! At the capital, of the entrance into which a description combining much force and truth with whimsical remark is given, our tourist resides in Maurice's Hotel, which is quite an English Colony. Here he hires an Irish *Valot de Place*, and becomes intimate, *pro tempore*, with his fellow lodgers, Mr. Daniel Dowgate, Mrs. Loquax, Mr. Marquiduke Minikin, &c. &c. These are his companions to see the lions, and their various characters, remarks, and adventures fill up the second and third parts. In Mr. Dowgate we recognized an admirable imitation of a well-known character in the festive circles of London, with whom we were acquainted; and his many friends will, without displeasure, see the amusing eccentricities revived of the respectable Mr. James Whittle of Fleet Street. His John Bullism, his "classical" phraseology, his "catch the idea," and other bye-words, his look, voice, action, and even way of thinking, are all executed with surprising felicity. From this specimen, we should presume that all the other characters are drawn from individual life, were we not convinced of it by the truth and individuality of the portraiture. Among the Parisian scenes we can only designate a few of the most striking: a visit to the Catacombs, and a lecture on craniology, by a Professor with a long German name, *pro Spurzheim*: a day at Maurice's, a humorous song, with comic recitations, in Mr. M's. best style: a visit to the theatre, and burlesque imitation of Talma's Hamlet: the boulevards, and a rencontre with a sad traveller, Mr. Mandungus Trist, whom every thing afflicts, who cannot even be sick at sea, as he wishes, like other people, who is full of tribulation, and, among the rest, has to "go home to his wife,—it must be so."

Sir John and Lady Munchausen, aimed at Lady Morgan and her travels: the old Scotch woman in Paris, with a good story of her husband telling his "worthy coadjutor, Maister Henry," who wished he was dry when "dreeping wi wet" from the rain on his way to preach, to "gang to the puit, for there he would be dry enough:" and, finally, a lecture on England and the English language, by Mr. Denise. This lecture is a droll satire upon the herd of French tourists in England, like whom Mr. Denise, who had been a prisoner of war at Portsmouth, is fond of drawing general conclusions from particular facts, in which his want of knowledge of our language causes him to make confounded mistakes. For example, one branch of his discourse is, that "all the people of England are *boxeurs*." When I look from my littel vindo in de prison at Portsmouth, I see de ladies box, and de gentlemen box, and sometime de ladies and gentlemen box the one wit de oder. Den I read in de paper dat the Duchess of B—, the Earl of C—, and Lady G—, and Lord F—, ail go to box at de Opera. Wen de man is tried for any crime, de witness box; and if he be found guilty, de Jury box. One day every body box—it is Crissmas day wen de washman, de beadles, de shurshwardens, de constables, and all de parish box one house after anoder. So you see de Anglois are a nation des *boxeurs*." Our countrywoman, Mrs. Loquax, blunders in the same way; for she visits a lady who has a *sore-eye* (*soirée*) every Monday evening, which Dowgate advises to be well-washed every Tuesday morning!

In the fourth part we have the Paris Diligence, in which eight characters are well supported by this single actor. It is an amazing effort, and, we imagine, unexampled as a piece of mimicry. Altogether the performances are, however, too long; and there is a little ennui between the fits of laughter, which may be most advantageously spared. The theatre, on Monday, was crowded in every part.

SURREY THEATRE.—At this theatre, on Saturday, we witnessed *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* and *The Ruffian Boy*, and are almost ashamed to say how much we were pleased with the performance (especially of the former,) lest we should be accused of bad taste in preferring the entertainments of a small theatre to those of a large one! But the fact is, and let it come out, that we were more affected, and better satisfied, with the dramatised Tale of my Landlord, than it is often our lot to be at any place of public amusement. The play itself is well contrived. The leading points of the Novel are faithfully preserved, and the whole wrought into a chain of action, which leaves nothing to be desired. The scenery is also appropriate, and the effect of the whole sufficiently illusive for all the purposes of scenic representation.—The series of publications, from one of which this piece is taken, are so universally read, that we shall not detain our reader with the story, which embraces the fall and condemnation of Effie Deans,

the virtuous struggle and heroic resolution of her sister Jeanie, her application to the Laird of Dumbiedykes, her adventures on the road to and in London, and her return with the Royal pardon: of course, neither the attempts of Geordie Robertson to induce her to commit the venial perjury, nor the wild wanderings of Madge Wildfire, with her behaviour at Muschat's Cairn and in England, nor the fiendish rage of her mother, nor the peculiarities of Mrs. Glass, are omitted. Though not first in dignity, we may be excused for paying our first tribute of applause to the very forcible acting of Mrs. Egerton, in Madge Wildfire. Nothing on the stage can be more dreadfully correct than her death scene; but, indeed, the whole of her performance is full of an energy and vigour, which marks her as one of the very best actresses in this line upon the boards of any theatre. Mrs. Horn, as Effie Deans, was very touching in many passages; and Miss Taylor, in the heroine Jeanie, played her part to admiration. We were really surprised at the management of the Scotch dialect, which, if not thoroughly perfect, was at least never disagreeable. The Laird of Dumbiedykes had a most comic representative in Fitzwilliams, who embodies such difficult characters with a rare felicity. His northern tongue was less pure than that of any of the females, but his "Oh Jeanie Woman!" was sure to set the house in a roar. He is really a capital Comedian, and, not at all to his disadvantage, often reminded us of Munden, whom he greatly resembles in many of his looks and gestures, without being in the slightest degree an imitator. A Mrs. Brookes sustained the double load of the old hag and Mrs. Glass. The former was rather overdone; but in both, not only great versatility, but merit was shown. The rest of the dramatic personæ did justice to their tasks, and *The Heart of Midlothian* was, to use the phrase of the place, altogether got up with much eclat. The Duke of Wellington was present, and the theatre crowded with genteel company. "God save the King" was sung in honour of the hero.

The Ruffian Boy is, we think, rather sombre, but it was also most effectively acted. It is from Mrs. Opie's tale of the same name.

VARIETIES.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF HEROIC SELF-DENIAL.

(An original and authentic Anecdote.)

Dark burned the candle on the table at which the student St. * * was reading in a large book: "It all avails nothing, and nothing will ever come of it," said he fretfully to himself, and closed the volume, "I shall never become a preacher, I may study and tire myself as much as I will! The first sermon, in which I shall certainly hesitate, will without doubt render all this trouble vain; for do not I myself know the timidity and the peculiar misfortune

which accompany me in every undertaking?"

He now took from his dusty shelves a MS. and set himself down to read; it was an account of Rome, and particularly of St. Peter's Church, which was described with all the enthusiasm of an artist. St. * * suddenly rose, and clapping his hands together, said with transport, "O heaven, I must certainly see all this myself!"

But how? one does not get to Rome for nothing; the finances of the good student were in a very bad condition, and however carefully he examined and fumbled through all his pockets, he collected only a few pence, which certainly were not sufficient to pay his expenses to Rome. He went to bed quite restless, and even forgot to put out his candle, which at other times he never omitted; but during this uneasy night, he had thought of means to accomplish his purpose. The next morning he fetched an old clothesman, and sold every thing except the dress he had on, and a single shirt for change which he put in his pocket. The sum which he got from the greedy Israelite for all he had was not much, and yet honesty, a virtue which he possessed in the highest degree, demanded of him to pay his few small debts. After he had performed this duty in the most conscientious manner, he counted up his remaining property, and was pleased on finding himself the possessor of five dollars, (one pound sterling) because he hoped with this sum, and with strict frugality, to travel to Rome and back again.

He now, therefore, began his journey in the highest spirits, and wandered over fertile Germany with heartfelt joy, at the beauties of nature in his beloved country. How did Italy's mild and balsamic airs refresh him, how did he indulge all his senses in the contemplation of the delightful scenes that crowded on him from every side, and how did his heart thrill with bliss when he beheld the towers of Rome shining in the misty distance. Long did he stand gazing and enraptured, and a tear of joy stood in his eyes; he walked on lost in thought, and towards evening he reached a hill at the foot of which the Queen of Cities, illumined with gold and purple by the blush of the evening sky, lay in the most glorious splendour. He seated himself upon the summit of the hill, and turned his eyes constantly, with the most heartfelt longing, towards the object of his secret wishes. After his soul had satiated itself with this delightful picture, he at length thought of examining his stock of money, that he might see how much he could spare in Rome in examining the captivating wonders, without depriving himself of the necessary means for his journey back. When he had counted it he found that he had just spent the half of it, viz. two dollars and a half. Of course he had been frequently obliged, in the pursuit of his journey, to beg a night's lodging and dinner from the clergymen on the road, to be able to reach so far upon so trifling a sum, but never did he receive money or ask alms.

If, then, he would return to his native country without begging, he must not see Rome, and he had, in fact, the heroic self-denial to form this resolution on the spot. He, therefore, remained for that night on this hill, saw the moon and stars rise over the much-beloved Rome; he listened with silent delight to the chime of the church bells in the stillness of the evening, and when the morning sun, rising in the east, tinged the domes and towers of the city with red, he "cast one longing lingering look behind," and began in silent musing his journey home.

Whatever instances of heroic self-denial history may record, it can produce no greater than that which this obscure individual exercised in the simplicity of his heart.

He returned home with his longing gratified, and employed his last penny in paying the boatmen who ferried him over to his native island. He renounced the study of divinity, which he hated, and entered into the service of a peasant, with whom he continued for a whole year, at the end of which he employs his wages which he has saved, on a journey to the East, whither, impelled by the love of travelling, he has with a joyful heart set out upon a pilgrimage.

ANECDOTE.—As the French army was passing the Rhine, under the command of Prince Soubise, the Swiss regiments would not fight the Germans. Colonel Lochmann particularly refused, with great freedom. "Of what use then are the Swiss?" said Prince Soubise, angrily. "To cover your retreat," said the Colonel, and was put under arrest. But his prophecy was fulfilled.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS COURIER.—By a singular regulation, the government couriers in Austria are ordered, when they are charged with dispatches sealed with only one seal, to go at a walking pace, if with two seals, to trot, and if with three, to gallop. A courier, bearing a dispatch with three seals, passing lately through a garrison town, was requested by the Commandant to take a dispatch to the Governor of the next town, to which he willingly agreed; but perceiving, when he received it, that it had but one seal, he refused to take charge of it, saying, "that the regulations ordered him to walk his horse, with such a dispatch; and as he had another, with which he was ordered to gallop, he could not possibly take them both!"

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—An old companion in arms of General Pichegru has recently gone to school at Orleans to commence, at the age of 52, the study of theology for the church.

Bonaparte said one day to the physician, Desgenettes, "*Medicine is an art of assassins.*" "And what does your Majesty think that of conquerors is," was the reply, which for a moment confused even the Corsican.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Les Parvenus, ou les aventures de Julien Delmours, a new Novel, in two volumes, from the pen of Madame de Genlis, has lately appeared in Paris, and is well spoken of as a clever production after the manner of Gil Blas.

Berehous's work "*Gastronomie*," from which we mentioned that the idea of the amusing poem *The Banquet* was taken, has reached a fifth edition in France. The author of the English production has not yet avowed himself; he is reported to be a merchant of high character in the city!

THE WINTER OF 1818-19.

The singularly mild temperature of this winter, and the want of frost and snow, is not confined to our own island, but is equally observed in almost all parts of the European Continent. In Sweden, and most parts of Russia, they have had, instead of the usual degree of cold, a temperature of several degrees above the freezing point. This has been the case even in Lapland, to the North of Tornea, where, instead of the usual cold of 20° of Reaumur, they have had 6° of warmth. This want of frost and snow is complained of as a serious inconvenience, by preventing the conveyance of the iron ore from the mines in Sweden, to the smelting houses; and in Russia, the carriage of goods from the interior to the seaports for exportation, which is regularly done in the winter, when the hard frozen ground, covered with snow many feet deep, affords a solid, even, and commodious road.

From the Meteorological Journal kept at the Botanic Garden of Geneva, the same phenomenon, of want of snow, appears to have occurred on the Alps, in the three months of October, November, and December, there was only once (19th November,) so much as a white frost. From the 10th of October, till the 14th of November, there was no rain; there were then some rainy days (7 in all,) to the 26th November, after which there was neither rain nor snow to the end of the year.

"In the whole course of this month (November)," says the Journal, "the snow has not lain a single day on the Mountain that surround our Lake. This is a phenomenon of which the oldest inhabitants can remember no previous instance. The winter is remarkably beautiful; the cattle are still in pasture as in the month of September."

The same Journal, for December, says, "The continued fineness of the temperature, during this month, is without parallel in our country. Mount Jura, which is generally covered with snow in November, is still almost totally free from it to-day, the 31st of December. There is none of all on the summit of La Dole, and very little on the summits near fort L'Ecluse. In consequence of the dryness of the temperature all the year, the springs are very low, and we begin to be uneasy for next

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It may be interesting to add the situation of the Botanic Garden at Geneva, which is 208 toises above the level of the sea. Latitude 46° 12', longitude 15° 14" (of time) to the east of the Observatory of Paris.

The Meteorological Journal, kept at the Convent of St. Bernard, 1246 toises above the level of the sea, states, that in the month of November there was very little snow for the season, even on the high mountains round the Convent.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

MARCH.

Thursday, 4.—Thermometer from 35 to 49. Barometer from 30, 07 to 30, 13. Wind NE. 2.—Generally cloudy; a little sunshine at times.

Friday, 5.—Thermometer from 36 to 47. Barometer from 30, 20 to 30, 16. Wind NE. 4.—Generally overcast. Rain fallen, 0,75 of an inch.

Saturday, 6.—Thermometer from 40 to 50. Barometer from 30, 08 to 30, 18. Wind NE. 4.—Clear about noon, the morning and evening cloudy.

Sunday, 7.—Thermometer from 35 to 49. Barometer from 30, 27 to 30, 21. Wind NE. 4.—Generally cloudy.

Monday, 8.—Thermometer from 36 to 46. Barometer from 30, 34 to 30, 29. Wind NE. 4.—Afternoon clear, the rest of the day generally cloudy.

Tuesday, 9.—Thermometer from 34 to 48. Barometer from 30, 30 stationary. Wind N.E. and S.W. 4.—Morning cloudy, noon clear, and evening rather foggy. A slight perturbation was formed on the upper part of a halo faintly coloured, about 3, and a stronger one at 5.

Wednesday, 10.—Thermometer from 32 to 47. Barometer from 30, 27 to 30, 23. Wind SW. and NW. 4.—Cloudy.

Latitude 51.37.32. N.
Longitude 3.51. W.
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

Miscellaneous Advertisements,

(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

British Gallery, Pall Mall.

THIS GALLERY, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of modern Artists, is open every day from ten in the Morning till five in the Afternoon.

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Literary Notices.

MR. WILLIAM CAREY has just finished, and has now in the Press, his DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE of the splendid Collection of Pictures by British Artists in Sir John Fleming Leicester's Gallery, in Hill Street, and in his superb Mansion, in Tabery.—Mr. Carey has also nearly ready for the public eye, his "Exposition of the Anti-British system of publication, tending to sacrifice the honour and interests of the British Institution, of the Royal Academy, and of the whole body of the British Artists, to the passions, cabals, and audacious falsehoods, of certain disappointed candidates for prizes at the British Gallery, and the rank of associate Academicians."—This Work will form two Octavo Volumes,

New Publications.

On Monday will be published, by G. and W. B. Whitaker, Ave-Maria-lane,

A NEW TRAGEDY, entitled THE ITALIANS; or, The Fatal Accusation. By the Author of "The Philosophy of Nature."

This Tragedy will be introduced by a PREFACE, containing the CORRESPONDENCE of the Author with the Committee of Drury Lane Theatre, Peter Moore, Esq. M.P. and Mr. Kean.

As the circumstances attending this Tragedy are exceedingly curious, it is possible that a great sensation may be produced in the public mind in respect to them; great care, therefore, will be taken as to the due authentication of facts.

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